THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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HORACE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1766.

TERMS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

Choice Poetry.

UNDER THE MOON.

I

Under the moon on the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in primes of light;
Round on the bridge by the common trees,
And fast in the waters that come through the night.
Under the arch, every soul apart,
Lovers cannot imagine rings from the bank—
Vanished with stars at the first bright,
Something silver through the distance done.
And I 'mid the flowering of the trees and flame,
Thither a serenade under the moon.

II

Under the moon in the village street,
Hanging gaslamps in the shadow meet,
Round and dusky a moment's time,
Ere they drop their radiance taste of the air;
Something here of their interest owns,
Mine in the industrial summer drive.
Of the sweet-smelling of their fragrant zones,
In another's of those fragrance dropped if the hair,
Until their wandering turning
Roll on their pinions, under the moon.

III

Under the moon by the quiet sea-shore
Where the wind works into the ripples,
Courting the watery-horned suits
Gleaming through passage-ways vistas,
Over the crisp foam lone' g along
Where the mariner's webbings sing;
Ah, by the living helm with hands
Calm the compass keep in mind,
Thinking of those he left at noon,
And of the great shore under the moon.

—Dublin Nation.

Original Novelet.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "HOME PICTURES," "THE RESPONSIBILITIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD JOURNAL.

"Martha Wallis, whatever you a thinking of, setting there with your chin in your hands, and your elbows on your knees. Look at the clock, and see what time it is."

"Tut-tut-tut, Miss Gretchen—I—I—I was thinking about her fame—I—I'm 'spectin you'll be a famous woman, Miss, and I was only 'sidering how the very next chair, seized hold of the knives and forks, and set up a rapid and noisy accompaniment.

"Ain't goin' to be talked to, no way, now; I'm married and settled, and I'm a woman grown," said Miss Gretchen took a dozen rapid turns round the large kitchen, in which everything seemed to get itself out of the way the moment we fell upon it. And Martha, lifting a long sigh, and a heavy tear that she was too busy to wipe away, went back with a comb at the end of it, stuck it mechanically on the crown of her head. "Now, Martha, I'm going to leave you for a week, and I want to see how you'll get along without me. Now, I'm going to be gone a week, and I want you to do everything just as you've been used to do when I'm here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Gretchen, I'll do my best, and I'll try to do it right, and if it isn't anything very private, I should so like to read it!"

"Why, it's nothing but a copy of his business, for my part, I never read it, for it used to make me gloomy enough to hear him tell each other stories. I keep it, out of respect for his memory, for a better man never went to Heaven. Yes, you may have it, for it took me a day to rent it, with my specs, too; but I never had any taste for written things."

Leaving Miss Gretchen to finish her remarks to Sweet Martha Wallis, away ran I to my pleasant room, much better pleased than if I had found a treasure of gold.

BY AND BY.

I had returned home very much fatigued with my week's labor. It was Saturday night, and I sat down to reflect the impressions that had not for lack of time been faithfully depositated upon my memory.

My situation was a pleasant, though arduous one. The pupils were, with few exceptions, good tempered and obedient girls. As in the case with all large seminaries, there was rather more than a fair share of mediocrity, and some few extraordinary intellects. Among the latter I at once placed Estelle de Lautre, who had commenced with the term. She was a rare type of an Italian girl, her figure full, fairly rounded, neat, superb, arms and hands faultless, and such eyes! Swimming, glittering, languid, passionate glances, that seemed to me, and it may appear a strange expression, to embody the sentiment, the history of her own glorious country. Overflowing with affection, I never looked up but I saw her beautiful arms thrown over some fair neck, or her fingers lovingly caressing the soft curls of her sweetest school-mate. That was usually Julia Livingston, another girl of rare mental endowments, but with a physique exactly the reverse of Estelle's. Sandling complexion, blue and somewhat lanky eyes, light soft hair, and a predominancy of the nervous and electrical elements in her temperament. Julia was a genius, but too sensitive. She had lost her own mother, and her step-mother, though kind and even tender, did not understand her. So her manner always gave me the impression of reserve. Little May, with her sweet, infantile beauty, had been to school for a few hours each day. She was a lovely child, lovely in a thousand ways. Sometimes I thought of the rainbow, as she flashed in and out of the sunlight, sometimes of the rose, and then the blended white and crimson—sometimes—ah! was it a foreboding? of the sunny ringlet, and silver plumage of the angels—always, always she was a type of beauty, of purity beyond that of earth. Mark had returned. He did not appear to notice me much the first day, the second he paused confidently as he met me, and told me that I must see his library whenever I wished, only referring me to Mr. Lake for the key. I thanked him, felt very grateful, and when I remembered my own unkworldness, and full faith, I felt ashamed of it. Yes, I felt giddy and unhappy, I knew not why—and still, yes, still happy—verily a curious combination.

READING THE JOURNAL.

And I trimmed my lamp as I spoke. "I—I—I—I'm going to read the journal to-night." So my wood closet I replenished the stove, drew up my writing-table, established myself in a comfortable chair, half chair, half lounge, and—my hand was arrested in its descent upon the journal, by the hand of Mr. Lake for the key. I thanked him, felt very grateful, and when I remembered my own unkworldness, and full faith, I felt ashamed of it. Yes, I felt giddy and unhappy, I knew not why—and still, yes, still happy—verily a curious combination.

I never saw a fairer or more desirable countenance than that of the unconscious girl. Large purple rings encircled her eyes, which were unusually closed. Her features were regular, and the delicate white complexion was literally filled with bone and pasteboard—my hand was arrested in its descent upon the journal, by the hand of Mr. Lake for the key. I thanked him, felt very grateful, and when I remembered my own unkworldness, and full faith, I felt ashamed of it. Yes, I felt giddy and unhappy, I knew not why—and still, yes, still happy—verily a curious combination.

"Sept. 1st, 17—. Left off Tobacco yesterday morning, and commenced Snuff holding forth to 20 old Church. God help me to keep my resolution this time.

"20th. Was yesterday elected to fill up Office of Sexton to be 24 church. Has a lonely employment to be sure—but it is high office. Might get from good feet from 70 or four. No I must hurry up dead. Why not? Is a good calling. Ought to be sure, a small Salary—but for that I hold myself in God's hands.

"23rd. I had not thought my first task to be so disagreeable a one. Yes, there hands—and I—I—I—I'm going to read the journal to-night." Martha's fingers were busy with the knives and forks, and set up a rapid and noisy accompaniment.

"Hi! Martha Wallis, with a nancy grin.

"Oops! you own, p'raps, if you'd had any," said Wallis, with a nancy grin.

"Ain't goin' to be talked to, no way, now; I'm married and settled, and I'm a woman grown." Miss Gretchen took a dozen rapid turns round the large kitchen, in which everything seemed to get itself out of the way the moment we fell upon it. And Martha, lifting a long sigh, and a heavy tear that she was too busy to wipe away, went back with a comb at the end of it, stuck it mechanically on the crown of her head. "Now, Martha, I'm going to leave you for a week, and I want to see how you'll get along without me. Now, I'm going to be gone a week, and I want you to do everything just as you've been used to do when I'm here. Do you understand?"

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"What is the matter?" Mark stood in the airy hall shading his flickering lamp; Willie came crouching along with chattering teeth, and Prince bent against the front door, and barked lustily.

"Get the lantern, Willie," said Mark, standing at the head of the stairs.

"I—I—I—no—matter; I—I—I—I'm coming—oh! who's afraid? no! No! Yes—afraid for," stammered Willie, hurrying after Mark.

"Oh, Prince, Prince, what is it, eh?" and Mark stooped down carelessly, "what is it, my fine fellow?"

But the dog never ceased barking, only once in a second to gaze searchingly and keenly in his master's face, then turning with surge corrections, he paused between his efforts to caress him, and may appear a strange expression, to embody the sentiment, the history of her own glorious country. Overflowing with affection, I never looked up but I saw her beautiful arms thrown over some fair neck, or her fingers lovingly caressing the soft curls of her sweetest school-mate. That was usually Julia Livingston, another girl of rare mental endowments, but with a physique exactly the reverse of Estelle's. Sandling complexion, blue and somewhat lanky eyes, light soft hair, and a predominancy of the nervous and electrical elements in her temperament. Julia was a genius, but too sensitive. She had lost her own mother, and her step-mother, though kind and even tender, did not understand her. So her manner always gave me the impression of reserve. Little May, with her sweet, infantile beauty, had been to school for a few hours each day. She was a lovely child, lovely in a thousand ways. Sometimes I thought of the rainbow, as she flashed in and out of the sunlight, sometimes of the rose, and then the blended white and crimson—sometimes—ah! was it a foreboding? of the sunny ringlet, and silver plumage of the angels—always, always she was a type of beauty, of purity beyond that of earth. Mark had returned. He did not appear to notice me much the first day, the second he paused confidently as he met me, and told me that I must see his library whenever I wished, only referring me to Mr. Lake for the key. I thanked him, felt very grateful, and when I remembered my own unkworldness, and full faith, I felt ashamed of it. Yes, I felt giddy and unhappy, I knew not why—and still, yes, still happy—verily a curious combination.

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But the dog never ceased barking, only once in a second to gaze searchingly and keenly in his master's face, then turning with surge corrections, he paused between his efforts to caress his master's face, then bent—leaped—placed his fore paws on the latch—crouched low at his master's feet whining, sprang up again with silent, furious demeanor, howled, barked and pawed. I had thrown a sheet over my shoulders, and now I stood in the doorway, shivering with cold and apprehension, for as soon as Mark had unbolted the door the dog had flown round the corner of the house.

It seemed scarcely a moment before Mark appeared again, with a burden in his arms, Prince playing all manner of antics about his feet.

"Quick!" he said to Willie, with an anxious, hurried look. "fly to Mrs. Lake; call up Martin; tell them to get a fire and heat water; quick, quick, for God's sake!"

"Here I am, Mark, pray what's the matter?" and the housekeeper, as she looked, threw up her arms, crying, "Life! Life! Good gracious, Martha, what are you standing there talking about fires for? Quick, girl, unmake the fire; put on water; bring her right in the kitchen, Mark; dear, dear—there! lay her on the settee. Do, Miss Margery, get a pillow; dear heart, she's dead, isn't she, Mark?"

I flew up stairs. When I returned, Miss Gretchen had made her appearance. She looked very pale, but she knelt down by the insensible form and placed her hand near the heart.

"Nephew, bleed her," she said, without once looking up.

"I had forgotten—Miss Margery, will you hold the lamp for me? My hand trembles and I must steady it—this way, if you please."

I followed him to an apartment near by; he unlocked the door, and I saw dimly, while he opened a closet for his surgical case, that the room was literally filled with bone and pasteboard—my hand was arrested in its descent upon the journal, by the hand of

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY C. CAREY & ISAAC LEA,
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1832.
A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of this Post are $5, if paid in advance—$6, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, it continues to the end of the year. We do not continue the following two names to Clubs, to be sent to the city or one address, and in the following Post Office Clubs:

4 Copies, ...	$5,00 Per Annum.
5 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) . . .	5,00 "
10 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) . . .	10,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) . . .	20,00 "

Persons paying in *Bank Post, America* must remit sufficient to cover the discount of the respective notes, or we have to pay the Post United States prices.

Agreements to Clubs.—Any person having got the money and names for a Club, may add more to it if he wish; and if the letter with the money will affect their subscriptions to end at the same time with the Club, we will do so; but we will continue to send the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to Clubs end at the same time, and time to our convenience.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be produced, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters, or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do it conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, get of this State. They will therefore have to remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of this State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be paid post.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it changed to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters will not feel backward to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, and add their Postmaster to other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its SEVENTY-SECOND year, and has between 60,000 and 80,000 readers weekly.

Upon the list of we contributors we enrolled the names of REV. SOUTHWOOD, GRACE GREENWOOD, REV. DODRIDGE, MARY LEVERE, REBA L. SPRAGG, ALICE CARRY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, &c. &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for us only for the Post.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

THE OSBORNE SCHEME, by Grace Greenwood,

MARK, THE SEXTON, by Mrs. Denison.

THE NAMES WORK, by Grace Greenwood,

MARY SELWYN; or, THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING, by Mary Irving.

VITOLA, A STORY OF LIFE'S RETREAT, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Last Heiress," &c. &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, FOREIGN and LATE news and markets from all lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, RECIPES AGRICOLTE, NEW and the PRINCE and BOOK NOTICES, RARE NEWS ITEMS, ENIGMAS, &c. &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as it goes, of the age and all of mankind World. *For terms, &c., see head of subscription.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to decline "ANNIE," on the 1 ult. "ANNIE" is a beautiful piece of poetry, and we have many communications on hand from our old friends.

SOULE AND PERRY.

Mr. Perry, our Secretary of Legation at Madrid, has published a crushing letter to Mr. Soule's epistle of March 24th. It is addressed to the President, but exposes Mr. Soule's declaration of duty in a manner so just and uncompromising light. It appears that Mr. Soule has only suppressed *for the present* that important despatch from the Secretary of State, heretofore alluded to, but that he endeavored to induce Mr. Perry from the path of duty. Soule seems to have remembered that Mr. Perry was bound to be true to him, even if that implied being false to his country. He absolutely endeavored, as it seems, to persuade Mr. Perry to insert his post, in order to pave the way for the appearance of a rupture with the Spanish Government! A theatrical trick, in perfect harmony with the French than the American character.

The amusing part of this matter is, that while Mr. Soule endeavored to tie Mr. Perry as his servant and tool, the other and sensible Secretary completely foiled the Minister—and without actually breaking with him, or rendering him incompatible in foreign eyes, managed to do good service to the country. Within a fortnight after Mr. Soule's despatches left Mr. Perry procured from the Spanish Government a proposition of a satisfactory character, to enter immediately with the widow of the Secretary of State. Mr. Perry says:

If I have resisted him, failed him, cursing, and useless his work, I have done no harm. My zeal, cheering as would have added but peace to an duty. He made no disclosures to me of his secret negotiations. He did not ask my aid. Still, it is true that I knew more of him than he was aware. The greater part of what I have thus come to my knowledge in his absence, however, from the moment that the principal duty of affairs devolved upon me, I considered it my first duty to be well informed concerning him and his movements. Yet, at that very time I was most friendly, and, as I believe, as I should wish to be counselled in like circumstances.

If he has attempted to deceive me, and failed, if he has betrayed his flags, and I am not, if he thought me bewildered, and nevertheless I have comprehended all that he did upon an about me—that, sir, is his own fault, not mine. I do not plead of good faith to him. It is a bad, arm, and apt to rid the head which grows it. I am sure that I have done my best to honor if God has seen him for the first the world.

I will add, in conclusion, that to be under the same course, his judgment has been in the first if it have been, that he, sir, has been the traitor, not to me—that sentence should be the judgment of the United States of America, confided to his hands—that sentence which conferred him all the will and when as exile, and scattered him with profligate, and the wreck of his fortune. I am induced to involve the country in a misdirection foreign to his interest and to his duty, and to the interior as well as the exterior, against her most solemn interests for her integrity, her civil prosperity, and against her national honor. If the end justify the inner through, which perhaps he does not confess even to himself, I am not. Between such a power and the American I say, *God help us if ever the sides of my dear old Virginia should come to be placed upon the pulley or written of the Hon. Pierre Soule.*

The question is one between individuals; it is between the policy of the United States of America by every means and every artifice employed by the Minister of Spain, and whether under an unjust foreign influence, or under the influence of a foreign power, or under the influence of a foreign power, or under the influence of a foreign power

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Royal Mail Steamship America, we have received our files of European papers to the 26th ult.

The principal feature in Europe is the contemplated war between the Austrians and Italians.

The following extract from the speech of Lord Brougham, delivered in the House of Lords, on the 24th ult., in favor of the Italian movement, is the most important of the debate:

"Every one of importance had occurred between Austria and the combined troops in favor of Italy, on the part of the Allies, have been successful.

Despite the Fillers and resignes of their sanctimonious to protract the war, and Napoleon to the Ambassador of Austria in London, had been appointed his successor. All this occurred while the Congress at Paris was Conference, have been laid before Parliament.

Orsini, Pacini has been superseded as Grand Duke, by Baron Ricasoli.

Pianori, who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Modena, has been executed.

The Impossibilities or Peace.—The Paris papers admit that all hopes of peace have not been entertained in the Austrian camp at Austria, and but little don't the cost of the war. The London Times puts the figure at 100,000,000 francs. The Times, also, in an article on the subject, says that Austria is unable to pursue the ofdeal documents of Vienna

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY
PHILADELPHIA
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.
A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $3, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. For $10, in advance, five copies are sent to Clubs, to be sent in the Post Office or one address, and in the country to the Post Office.

5 Copies, - - - - - $5,00 For Annum.
9 " (and one to the Club), - - 10,00 "
20 " (and one to the Club), - - 20,00 "
35 " (and one to the Club), - - 30,00 "

Persons forming Clubs should observe the terms exactly, as we have not the time to depart from our rules. In addition to the subscription price, we have to pay postage in the United States postage.

Remittances.—Any person having sent the money and cannot see it credited in the next issue, will do well to write us, that provision may be made. Bills, drafts, postoffice orders, or gold at the risk of the subscribers. Specie may be sent at our risk.

Postmasters are requested to examine their papers and see whether they are properly directed, and if not, to return them with the name of the Post Office.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. If the sum is single, a draft will do; if more than one is to be remitted, a check or postoffice order is preferable.

Post-Masters, or others sending for Clubs, would oblige us by having the papers directed one subscriber, rather than do it unnecessarily.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore send money to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town in which they live. *Mail letters must be post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter to.

We trust that each one of our friends in the Post-Masters, or not, but inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, will send out Prospectus to other industrious and respectable persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its SEVENTEENTH year, and has reached 5000 and 10,000 circulation!

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Lucy Lyons, Rosa L. Sydney, Alice Carey, Metta Victoria Fuller, &c. *Mr. Southworth and Grace Greenwood write for no other paper in Philadelphia.*

Among the original productions thereto engaged for the present year, we may mention

The Green Sweden, by Grace Greenwood,
Kate, the Sempre, by Mrs. Denison,
The Hand's Will, by Grace Greenwood,
Nancy Selwyn; or, The Curse over a Silver Locket, by Mary Irving,
Tekla, a Story of Love's Mystery, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Romances, Original Reviews and Literary Notices. Poetry we have in our own and choice selections. Choice Selections from all sources.

Miscellaneous matter especially apt to produce disorders of the liver. These arise from two causes—either too high living, producing congestion or fulness of the blood vessels, or from a sedentary habit, producing a confirmed and chronic inactivity of the liver. Persons using habit drinks must be vigorously forbidden; animal food half cooked, fruits and vegetables fresh and tender, and variety attended to. *No other* Medical Journal has the same circulation, and can compare the malarious atmosphere of a fever district, and have reason to believe an attack probable; a sandwich out of the train bitters, such as hydrastis, colombo and quassia, will be found a fortify the system against the malarious impure principle in, that we should never be cured of disease, but should always have a good appetite, and be happy. It is a matter of doubt, whether any other work is well be admitted to acknowledge that he was ever sick."

LITERARY COMPENSATION.

We have the following to an exchange:

Louis Kossuth is living in a fourth rate street in a London suburb, and is mainly dependent on the sale of a weekly paper for his daily bread, said to him for his articles in a Hungarian newspaper.

It was unknown to fame, may write well, and receive very lucrative compensation—but not even this, if his contributions appear in a well-established literary journal, as a matter of course. There are enough intelligent readers in every community to appreciate merit, and publishers are not so blind to their own interests as to lose popularity through shortsightedness or parsimony. If editors and publishers were not so blind to their own interests as to lose popularity through shortsightedness or parsimony. If editors and publishers are not so blind to their own interests as to lose popularity through shortsightedness or parsimony. If editors and publishers were not so blind to their own interests as to lose popularity through shortsightedness or parsimony. If editors and publishers are

SATURDAY

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Hon. Neil Howard[illegible] America, on the 24th of the [illegible] Times, [illegible] the original ship John, from Plymouth, [illegible] which had been wrecked, and a number of [illegible] lives lost.

Several [illegible] letters of Liverpool [illegible] spoken of before the [illegible] Court, which [illegible] for all [illegible] to-day.

A [illegible] of importance had occurred between [illegible] and other continental [illegible] in relation to the [illegible] Schleswig question, on the part of the Allies, have been [illegible].

Dennis de Pâtays has resigned, from [illegible] Ministry in Ireland, and is succeeded [illegible] Mr. Labouchere, the Ambassador at Frankfort. [illegible] has been appointed to succeed [illegible] Mr. Labouchere.

[illegible] Pacha has been appointed as Grand [illegible], by Mehemet Pacha.

[illegible] is [illegible] to translate the [illegible] Napoleon, has been condemned to [illegible].

The Administration at Paris.—The English [illegible] of the 24th, says that the Emperor [illegible] that he is not [illegible] to the United States, and has made [illegible] to that effect.

The Fight in [illegible].—The London Times publishes [illegible] letter to the effect that [illegible] Sept. is [illegible].

Selected Poetry.

ONE THOUGHT OF THEE.

My grief on the ocean sleeps deeper,
And joy comes less often to me than
For years that in silence sleeps,
And hope's watch-fire burns feebler,
And memory's self grows cold,
Than think but one thought of thee!

Thou vanishest not by day or night,
Nor yet when the dreams of slumber
Bring back the lov'd form to my sight,
Thou comest not changed or dimm'd!

Forever there my dreams will be,
Whatever may be my condition,
I see not time—I think from thee
Alone comes a gentle test;
Mem'ry's first chosen theme
They twilight's closest hour found,
And may the hours of years and love,
Suffer from thy growing dimness?
Parental! my dreams are still such time—
Hath then the tomber brought us to?

My love like summer vests may fly,
My life may flatter that on it leans,
But love's first dream of soul can never die,
Eternity's spell is with us—
Come then my best friend!

The latest years that you and I
May shed to-day on my cold breast—
Unaided our steps shall fall,
May sweet and mingle in the tide of
And from my well-loved, through us
The far spirit shall not depart,
Nor yet when the cold hand of
Shall rest upon the heart.

Thy weight in the world of love,
Thou seem on memory to me,
Thy beautiful & joy to share!

Selected Articles.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

This is the subject of an interesting article in the April number of the N. Y. Quarterly, in which the writer examines some of the popular notions in regard to the influence of the moon on the weather, on animal and vegetable life, &c., and endeavors to ascertain how far they are sustained by science. The belief that the moon influences the weather, is very old. Virgil, Hesiod, and other ancient writers, often referred to it, and the most learned philosophers of those ages gave their sanction to the popular impression. In the middle ages, this belief was very prevalent, and the pretended influence was extended to the explanation of many natural phenomena for which the science of the present time could not discover sufficiently satisfactory reasons. It was this easy question, resembling a few simple truths, that caused many of the philosophers of the 16th and 17th century to wholly reject all terrestrial powers ascribed to the moon, always of course excepting the phenomena of tides. It is only within the last half century that the true degree of influence to be yielded to these theories has been shown, by the investigations of scientific men. It has been proved, by bodies of thirty years' observations, that the quadrantures of the moon are without any sensible influence whatever. But at the period of full and new moon, the case is different. At these times, the closeness of a change from fair to foul weather, of the country, or to lower of a change to ordinary days, in the ratio of 13 to 12; while the chance of fair days succeeding those two phases are to those of other days as 14 to 11. These observations show that fluctuations in the weather do happen generally nearer, at the periods of full and new moon, although they cannot be predicted with certainty. The same tables also prove that the days of the full moon are rainy more frequently than the new moon, in the ratio of 11 to 10; and that the number of rainy days occurring at the moon's perigee was 72, while that at its apogee was but 58.

The writer briefly comes to the supposed influence of the moon on man's physical and mental faculties, but expresses an opinion on this branch of the subject. There is a common superstition, in this country and in England, that persons afflicted with lingering diseases seldom or never expire while the tide is receding. It is true, may be referred to a change in outward pressure, imperceptible perhaps in our instruments, but very cognizable by the influences on a body and mind previously enfeebled by disease; in the same manner that most diseases portend worst weather by increased pain. Persons of delicate nervous temperament, when the weather is foggy, and the atmosphere saturated with moisture, often avow that they become more cheerful when the tide is high. On the other hand, the four-minded Others, in a lecture on this subject, stated that in a prolonged and calamitous mental practice, he had never perceived the slightest variation in any disease to occur at such periods so to give him the idea that they were in any way connected with the moon. Even lunacy, which appears the most obvious from our ideas, is in the same power (in its original source of a mania dependent upon or caused by certain lunar phases) been pronounced by men as utterly unfounded and superstition.

The lunar influence on vegetable economy is another interesting branch of inquiry, in which some progress has been made of late years. There appears to be no reason to doubt that the moon exerts an influence on the growth of plants. If there are certain nights called by farmers "growing nights," from the great progress perceived in the growth of vegetables. This is particularly perceptible in the much rapidly increasing plants as peas, cucumbers, and Indian corn. It is well-known that all fruits ripen sooner when exposed to the full lunar effulgence, than when deprived of it. A gentleman who was engaged for thirty years in cutting timber in Demerara and the neighboring shores of the American continent, published, at a paper in the Annals of Philosophy, in which it is stated that trees cut in the full of the moon, are inferior to those felled at the opposite phase, because they are much sooner attacked by worms, and more liable to rot. It will split spontaneously at certain periods after their fall. The writer of the article in the Review was induced by an intelligent friend that he had often noticed, while posting oak bark for the tanner, that at some parts of the month this was very difficult, at others comparatively easy. This he was inclined to refer to the action of the moon on the sap. Depuis, in his "Travels in Terra Firma," tells that the planters of equinoctial South America rise strict regard to the position of the moon, in sowing and reaping their crops.

Equally curious are the lunar influences on the animal economy. It is well authenticated, that if the back of an animal is exposed to the light of the full moon, at certain seasons, in a few hours it will be a mass of corruption; while another part of the body, not exposed, deposited near, but protected from the rays, will remain perfectly sound. The American Indians, it is said, always shields his game from the moon's effulgence.

The moon has also something to do with those internal convulsions which make our earth tremble, and those electrical storms which rend the air in their mighty throes. This idea has been entertained for many centuries, and it is only within the last year that the fact has been satisfactorily established, by the researches of Professor Arnott. M. Alexis Perry, who has shown that earthquakes are more frequent when the moon is in the perigee, but diminish when towards its apogee.

From this rapid survey of the present state of our knowledge concerning lunar influences, it is evident that there is yet much to be learned on this subject, as well as some things to be unlearned. The field of inquiry is a large and interesting one, and will doubtless receive the attention of attention to which it is entitled.

—*N. Y. Former.*

Mosr.—A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for two years without sensible diminution of weight. A piece of camphor, the size of a pea, has been exhibited into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory nerve. The diffusion of odorous effluvia in may also be conceived from this fact, that a lump of ambergris, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Again, some dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, bear a reasonably distinct, and being transmitted over large spaces, must be attributed beyond our conception or powers of numbers.

City Scenes.

POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS), CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

A PERSONAL SERMON.

Mr. Jay had become aware of a growing evil among his brethren, arising from a cause with which, long before the world, detected, and was being and denouncing. When in the midst of his discourse, he said:

"My young brother, it is to be regretted that many enter the ministry after they have been educated, in whose services the church has a claim; they look round and select a lady for their wife, but they are careful she possesses a fortune. After a time they begin to grow weary in well doing. They take cold, it results in a cough, they are so weak that they cannot attend to the duties of their office. They resign and live upon their wife's fortune. I know five cases of this kind—and I am sorry to say resigned."

During the delivery of this week's sermon, there was a young minister, or rather an ecclesiastic, who did not like to be very conscious. After the service was closed, the merits of the Sermons were canvassed, and the general opinion was, that it was only such a one could be delivered by Mr. Jay. Said one to the orator:

"How did you like Mr. Jay? it was fine, quite a treat, wasn't it?"

"Well, I liked him very well, but I think he was rather personal."

"Personal, eh? how so?"

"Why, you must have noticed his reference to ministers out of health resigning."

"Yes, yes, he was a little close there, I must admit."

"I shall speak to him about it," said the Scholar, flushing with indignation.

He sought the vestry, and found Mr. Jay there. He congratulated him on his health and pulpit abilities, and then said, "I was present in his remarks, and would like to know if he alluded to me?"

"Personal?" said the patriarch; "personal, eh! in what part of the discourse?"

"Why, there were speaking about ministers resigning."

"Oh," said Mr. Jay, "I see; yes, have you resigned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you married a rich wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have a cough and become disabled for service?"

"No, sir."

"Are my friend, years in the ninth case, then?"

This young man reaped the reward of his folly, and retired, confused and abashed, from the presence of Mr. Jay.—*The Wesleyan.*

LOVE WITNESSING.

Come, Gracie, bind my hair, smooth out it fair;
Some other time I'll do my head for thee.
Why, Gracie, what's the matter, that you look so sad?
Not worse, but feel—ha well—Alice, time it is.

Look how those children love, and how they smile!
You said the clouds, I would the music were clear
Sister, I wish you'd sing that song about the river;
Sister! some one for me. If to no longer do!

We'll have no flowers but our dear, dear mother's,
Alice's will shall be ours my bridal bed
Gracie! Gracie! Gracie! what, all asleep?
I cannot think of that. Ah, Gracie, Gracie!

Is the house up? Morning the wind gets cool,
Ah, Gracie, Gracie! Gracie, Gracie!
Mother, look—

Gracie! Gracie! Gracie! Gracie!

Yes, 'tis the bed. What was Mother saying?
The bed, the bed—How, is the bed-mad house letting
Mother, I'm sure I'm not—Let's come down to see her
Let Bryan bring it without! go mechanic back thy master

SERAH MARGUERITE.—Tracas strue has a well-sown fame in the United States. Yet half the beautiful and curious things wrought at these same manufactories are there unknown. A thousand pretty, graceful articles, from the fairy-work, beautify these shop-windows, tempting the ready purses of strangers, and are of course sold at exorbitant prices. Here is the tiny skipper of open work delicacy, the opposite phase, become they are much sooner attacked by worms, are liable to rot, and will split spontaneously at certain periods after their fall. The writer of the article in the Review was induced by an intelligent friend that he had often noticed, while posting oak bark for the tanner, that at some parts of the month this was very difficult, at others comparatively easy. This he was inclined to refer to the action of the moon on the sap. Depuis, in his "Travels in Terra Firma," tells that the planters of equinoctial South America rise strict regard to the position of the moon, in sowing and reaping their crops.

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POETICAL TRIMMING FOR LADIES' BONNETS.

Air.—"The Blue Bonnets are Over the Border."

March, sweetly, charming and modest,
Blue violets should always be worn by a lady;
March, merrit, long sit propriety,
Of all's business, nothing ever like the absinthe.
Never thermometer dried,
Mirth and sweet music shall be heard,
The danger is thought but an old woman's story:
Then, Oh! then, for the Bonnets of Blue.

Air.—"Bonnie Dundee."

Come to the Park where the young lambs are gazing,
Where the sweet flowers are blooming and fair,
Come from fast rooms where cool fans are dancing,
Nothing entrancing,
Like the Bonnets of Blue.

It makes the prudish one sit down in confusion,
Talk of the stupid way—
Quite worn their bonnets were in the absinthe!

—*London Punch.*

THE INSOLVENT SHARER.—"A Sunday journal, a week or two ago, speaking of the performances of some new actor, whose name has escaped us, says: "His motions and his voice reminded us of the immortal Shuter; but we never hear this name mentioned without bowing into an involuntary laugh. Richard's a fool of jokes, but this was one of the richest ever connected in that city. Shuter was a half witted fellow, who "strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage," and was remarkable for his mercy for the acquisition of his "parts," and he was generally by some wag or the other put to the stage. Inhabed Crane was a Count D'Orsay in comparison with his figure. His legs were bent, and his body was long, and proportioned. He had a retreating forehead and chin, and the most meaningless, lack-lustre eyes we ever saw, on the stage or off it. He was the butt of Boston for many years. Even when he left the most Theatre, by his permission of the crack-backed "Richard the Third," to repletion, his other ability. Nor was such circumstance one laughter and applause ever heard within the walls. There was a scuffle directly on the stage night from the gallery that would have been a treasure to a green grocer. It was made upon a hay-head, weasel round: and it was about three feet in diameter, and was composed of cabbages, white and red, carrots, turnips, carrots, turnips, mammoth potatoes, and red peppers—all very handsomely contrasted. If Shuter was left him, it would have created a fire in the stage! We see it afterwards, when the great comedian fell from a New York engagement, in the office of the Astor House: and it was a most effective advertisement for the "Insolvent Sharer" and "Richard the Third" in Boston. The house was crowded in every part. A quarter of a pound (made of sheet iron,) was to be presented to him, after the performance, by a committee, of which Col. Greene, of the Boston Evening Post, was chairman, and who was to make the presentation in the midst of an old Continental! but he lucked out, and a substitute was delivered. Shuter stood in the middle of the stage, not far from the foot-lights, holding at arms' length the "massive service," bowing, and trying to look his gratitude, when from above came fire or six paper bags, full of flour, which covered him all over, leaving him—as white as a miller!" But there he stood, bowing till the curtain fell. One twenty-penny night in March, we wished a treat to hear Shuter play Richard at the National Theatre, with a performance! Pity sake, dropped it! His stage walk!—who that ever saw it can ever forget it? Such gestures, such actions gestures, such horrible looks! Richard is a monkey, we never saw before. He was introduced in the fourth fight with Richmond six times, until tired nature could bend out no longer. He was killed in a different position each time, and—I died all over from fright!" What a death! forgive me his! Oh, it was fun to see! We laughed until we were too weak to make laughter vocal; and one old theatrical—a regular tragical critic in the pit, who "knew no master to the "workings" of that intellectual face, actually fell from his seat in a spasm of laughter!—Immortal Shuter! Oh, we shall indeed! We would go farther this night to see an idiot! Shuter, that thing the "Insolvent" was ever saw, except "your Power," or Harry Placide. He was literally "himself" when he was "himself" Shuter! Shuter! Magnificent!

COMMIT ON DRESSING AFTER DINNER.—A man that cannot pass an evening without drink, turns the name of a sot. Why should there be drink for the purpose of carrying on conversation? Women stand in need of no drink to make them talk. Set women to talk, and for a thousand things admired their patience in silence, and their work, while their husbands are engaged, in the same room, with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the matter. The social life of the citizen, and the distinction reflects upon them. We have heard that the tittered Indian women, and are strictly for their sober habits. Men drive them from the table, so if they said to them, "I'm for a bout with you," and they would be drunk! He stops with us